

# THE MCGILL GAZETTE.

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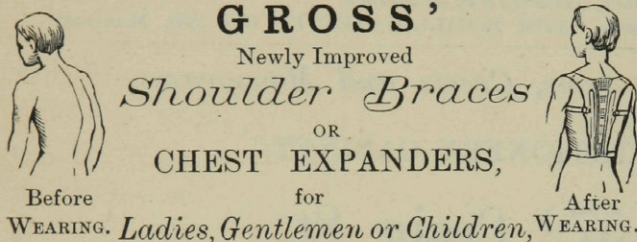
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# THE MCGILL GAZETTE.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 18TH, 1879.

## COLLEGIATE ORATORY.

WE have often wondered, as we perused our exchanges and read of the magnificent orations delivered on grandiloquent subjects by American students, what was really the truth of the case. We had noticed that there seemed to be, in the better universities, nothing of this "oratory." The merits and demerits of William Tell, the beauties of "Starry Nights," and the metaphysical rights and wrongs of "Faith" were descanted upon in many a college; but Harvard and Yale, and one or two other colleges, were free from the "oration" fever. We say we wondered at this. We were not so rash as to imagine that the majority of our contemporaries, in ascribing to their college orators the gifts of Demosthenes and Cicero, were guilty of wilful falsehood; nor could we understand how sensible professors would tolerate a score of flashy speeches on one Commencement Day. Surely, we thought, there must be something in this oratory. We imagined many a Pitt; we conjured up many a Sheil, many a Macaulay, and we were inclined to attach some importance to the prevalent teaching of "oratory." An article which appeared in the New York *Nation* some time since, however, dispelled our dreams. The *Nation* had attended a "competition in oratory" held in New York last year, at which the representatives of half a dozen colleges strove to gain the laurel. Now, there is no journal in America whose opinion upon a subject of this nature is more valuable than the *Nation's*. What, then, was the conclusion arrived at by the *Nation* as to the oratory displayed at this competition? The *Nation* says: "This entertainment more than confirmed the doubts we have often expressed in these columns, as to the expediency of encouraging displays of this

character, and as to the wholesomeness of their influence on mental training." The actual facts differ considerably from the lavish encomiums so freely made on American college oratory. The *Nation* says that the immaturity of the contestants was very apparent, and that "the choice of subjects was in itself an indication of a strong love for generalities, of a taste for hazy thinking, for sounding rather than exact expression."

The subjects were vague and general—subjects about which "one can talk by the hour and say nothing," and the *Nation* thinks that "if the cultivation of oratory drives a young man in on such topics, it affords an argument of a very strong kind for avoiding it during a period of mental growth and discipline." As an example of the subjects chosen by the committees, we may mention those named by the *Nation*:—"The Ideal Man," "Principle," "Everlasting Man."

High praise is bestowed by the *Nation* on the elocution of the competitors. This we can well understand. Manner, not matter, is sought after; declamation is mistaken for oratory; a flourish of the hand is esteemed more than a brilliant sentence or a pointed argument. The fault, we think, lies in the system. American colleges avoid *debates*. Orations, and speeches on separate subjects, are common, but debating, where fact is met by fact, where the vigour and effect of a speech is gauged by the material, not by the style of its delivery, seems to be uncommon and uncared for. Few can deny that true oratory is best taught by debates. A man may talk for years on "Xantippe" before a looking-glass, and still be no public speaker. These two things are essentially different in their results. The one breeds logic, the other rhetoric. A happy medium, we think, exists in our own college, and without egotism or a too wanton display of self-esteem, we think we can congratulate ourselves on having in our University Literary Society as good a



means of cultivating true oratory as can be found. Be this as it may, we must say we feel considerably relieved at learning, on the undoubted authority of the *Nation*, that what we had been led to believe by the eulogies of our contemporaries as oratory of a high class, is nothing else than silly twaddle and inane gesticulation, and we have come to the conclusion that the modest efforts of our own debaters are perhaps infinitely more perfect specimens of the art persuasive than the spread-eagleism of the class of American colleges to which we have referred.

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THE Clinical class in the Montreal General Hospital is under many obligations to Dr. Molson, who has for some time past been out-door physician. Dr. Molson has many opportunities of seeing valuable cases while visiting the out-door patients, and these he invariably preserves for examination by the clinical class. It is not his especial duty to do anything for the students, who usually go through the wards themselves; but nevertheless, such is his generosity and his desire for the good of others, that he keeps a wary eye for all curiosities which fall in his way. During the last month this gentleman has put himself to no little inconvenience for the students, and we are sure that his efforts in their behalf have not been unnoticed by them.

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THERE is a certain practice in which the students of McGill indulge when in class which we think only worthy of boys in a High School. We allude to the extravagant manner in which they testify their appreciation, or otherwise, of anything that is not in the regular routine. If a Professor makes, or even attempts the mildest of jokes, or if he makes any remark out of the ordinary, he is greeted with a storm of applause, most of the students making as much disturbance as they possibly can with their feet and books.

It is excusable to some extent in the Freshmen, as they are not expected to be able to behave themselves as they should, and an allowance may be made for their verdancy, but it is a sad sight to see a "grave and reverent Senior" hammering away with the heel of his boots, simply because the Professor has said something which bears a distant resemblance to a joke. It would be some consolation to observe some small improvement in the students in this respect as the class grows older, but we fail to detect any, and declare that the Seniors are as bad as the Freshmen, and make somewhat more row on account of their three years' practice in the art. Cannot some more gentlemanly way be devised by the students in which to make known their feelings than this? We certainly think there can, but if not, it would be better to have no demonstration at all, rather than act in the way they usually do.

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As yet nothing seems to have been done by the committee appointed to arrange for the Founder's Festival, and so far as appearances go, their delinquency is being kindly looked over by the students generally. Save the enquiries of a few wondering Freshmen, whose minds, before they came among us, were filled with stories of the exquisite music and bounteous repast to be found at this annual event, nothing is heard which would seem to show a universal wish for its speedy celebration. We do not think, however, that it is the intention of the committee to let this institution fall, like the Glee Club, into abeyance. The reason given for its postponement from the beginning of November until after Christmas was, that if this were done, our new Governor-General, the Visitor of the University, and his royal bride, would be able to honour it with their presence. The death of the Princess Alice prevents Their Excellencies from accepting such an invitation until next month at the earliest,



and even then it is doubtful if they can do so, in view of so many others of a more official character awaiting them. Such being the state of affairs, there can be no possible reason for further postponement. Some of the graduates and students have expressed themselves in favour of a University Supper, which would take the place of this Festival, and in which all could participate. A change of this kind, if feasible, would, we think, be heartily supported by the students; but if not, do not, at least, let our only annual reunion become a thing of the past.

WE understand that the question lately under discussion in the Senior class in Arts has been fully decided upon, and that it is their intention to add to the usual Convocation exercises by the institution of a Class-day. The different officers, consisting of a historian, a poet, and a prophet, have been chosen, but the exact date of the celebration, and the order of the proceedings, have not as yet been decided on. Much was said then, and has been since, questioning the advisability of this step, but the general feeling seems to be in favour of the innovation. The fact of its being an American custom, and old, has called forth dissenters,—why, we are unable to say, for the Class-day orations at Yale and Harvard compose one of the most pleasing features of their Commencement. We do not intend criticising in any way this action of the graduating class, but would simply remind them, that whether or not it is to become an institution of annual occurrence at McGill depends wholly upon the success attending its inauguration, and that therefore it behooves them to feel certain of success before attempting the task. If we may judge from the judicious and happy manner in which the appointment of officers has been made, they need have no fear on that score, for the selection seems to have been made with an especial regard to the fitness of

each for the office he had been called upon to fill. Yet in the further arrangement of the proceedings for the proposed Class-day, care must be taken of even the most trifling particulars, so that there may be nothing introduced which might prove inconsistent with the dignity and formality of all proceedings of such a nature.

SOME time since we advocated, through the columns of the *Gazette*—and we trust with some effect—that the professors have their lectures printed and given to the students. This privilege is enjoyed by the students of many of the European schools, and why may we not reasonably ask to be entitled to the same consideration? It may be that our esteemed professors will become convinced of the great benefits that would result from such a step, and some fine day present us with the veritable thing we ask; but whether the question of printed lectures does or does not meet with their approval, there is one appeal, that we feel sure they will most heartily endorse, and that is—different writing desks for the medical lecture rooms. It is difficult at any time, even under the most favourable circumstances, to take satisfactory notes from lectures delivered, and this difficulty is in no wise obviated by the uncomfortable and at times painful positions one has to assume in order to utilize the three-inch slabs, which have been called desks. We are perfectly satisfied with our frescoed ceilings and adorned walls—intended no doubt to train the eye to admire beautiful things—but the seats we have to occupy while gazing upon these works of art, drive all good thoughts away. We feel certain that if an appeal were made by the students to the governors for a change, they would not turn a deaf ear. They know we love them, and their appreciation of our affection would do much towards the granting of our prayer.



## LOYAL À MOI.

"*Loyal à moi*," murmured low as we parted ;  
 "*Loyal à toi*," though the tear-drops had started,  
 Loyal for aye I have been, and true-hearted—

*Loyal à toi.*

Of I have I kissed the gold circlet that binds me ;  
 Gazed on the legend that ever reminds me  
 Of his last words, "Do I leave one behind me

*Loyal à moi ?*"

Under the maples my answer was spoken,  
 None save the robins beheld the sweet token  
 Laid on the lips whence the words had just broken,

*Loyal à toi.*

Winter is gone now, and with it my sorrow ;  
 With the June roses the gladness to-morrow  
 Brings him once more, and its gladness I borrow,

*Loyal à toi.*

Soon shall I see him ! The glad hours are fleeting,  
*Loyal à moi !* whispered low at our meeting ;  
 Closely he bends as I answer his greeting,—

*Loyal à toi.*

REVEIL.

—ooo—

THE RELATION OF MEDICAL SCIENCE  
TO PHYSICAL CULTURE.

(A paper read before the McGill Medical  
Society.)

Boasting, as we do, that we have one among us, who in putting the heavy weight has made a better record than any amateur in America, and of another whose calves so excited the admiration of the ladies that a request should have been made to have them photographed, and priding ourselves upon six such fine specimens of muscular christianity as pulled on the tug of war, we are half inclined to think it folly for such men as we are to concern ourselves about physical culture. If all the world were like those of whom we have just spoken, perhaps it would be, but they are not. The progress of the world in the cultivation of the muscular is not at all in keeping with its progress in other reforms. Should a Grecian hero who had been hurled to Hades in the palmy days of the warlike renown of his fatherland, stand among us to-day, he would gaze with submissive wonder on the many improvements of modern science. Let

him be told that beyond the pillars of Hercules there exists a vast ocean upon whose trackless bed lay a thread by which thought could be communicated to millions in a world he knew not of, with a speed to him incredible ; let him be told that he might see the sun shed his morning light on the Acropolis, and then carried by horses almost as swift as the wind, he could see his last rays lost in the splendour of a barbarian capital ; let him see a London harbour, whitened with the sails and blackened with the smoke of its thousands of steamers ; let him see the barbarous appliances of modern warfare,—in short, let a grand panorama of all the discoveries in modern science pass before him ; let him inspect our schools and colleges and see our intellectual culture ; let him be told of a moral law which in poetry and sublimity excels that which he so much admired ; show him everything which the world has done good or great since burning Sappho loved and sung, and he must be dumbfounded with wonder, and with all his patriotism he would almost be ashamed of his fatherland. But we can fancy with what pardonable pride, as he bares his brawny arm and broad chest, he points to his own well cultured physique in contrast to that of the daintily gloved, beer drinking, cigar-smoking, lady's man of the nineteenth century.

He wonders that, in our zeal for improvement in every other way, we have forgotten the culture of our own bodies. And is it not strange that in our chase after phantoms we neglect that independent of which, as reasonable mortals, we know we can enjoy nothing else.

Much as we cultivate the faculties of the mind, we have not common sense to know that the mind cannot act in its fullest capacity unless in a sound body ; and in our zeal to tell right from wrong we forget we commit a grievous sin when we neglect our own physical culture. If the majority of men of this age are not developed so as successfully to play their part in life—if society do not appreciate the value of physical culture and hygiene, who are to be their schoolmasters ? They will surely look to those whom they suppose have made the study of these things the work of their life ; and here opens the noblest field for the practice of our profession—teaching people how to be healthy. We boast that we have



chosen a noble profession. In what, then, does its nobility consist? Not, surely, in pouring nauseous medicine down the throats of patients unable to resist, or in gratifying the whims of old women who fancy they are sick by prescribing harmless pills. No, the physician, situated as he is—looked up to as authority in all matters of health, has intrusted to him interests pregnant with the greatest responsibility, and has in his keeping the very destiny of the race to come.

Its nobility consists not so much in alleviating the pain and prolonging the life of the broken-down invalid as it does in teaching those in health how to avoid the conditions which develop disease. In truth we enter a crusade more holy than that which defended the Christians of Jerusalem when we enter the list against unwholesome food, foul air, and perverted physical strength.

The grand end of medical science of this age is prophylaxis, and this cannot be brought about better than by hygienic living and physical culture. The former is of too vast a scope to allow of discussion here to-night; but its importance cannot be over-rated, as it goes hand in hand with the latter,—the very foundation stone upon which we would build our perfect physical manhood. If it is the physician's place to persuade men to develop their bodies, how can he do it? What reason can he adduce to support his claims? Let us first consider the relation of the physical to the moral. We pride ourselves in living in the most pious age in the world's history, but we still preserve the spirit of the ascetic of middle ages, who, having named his body Balaam's ass, rose several times a night to beat it. We blame our poor bodies for all sins committed by our sensuous dispositions. Rousseau has said:—

“The stronger the body the more it obeys;  
The weaker the body the more it commands.”

The will and strength of mind are in direct ratio to the strength of body.

When the body is enervated by disease, the mind too has lost its tone and yields at once to the lawlessness of unrestrained passion. We too often blame the sins committed by men poor in health, to their harmless natural being instead of blaming the man for contracting the habits which have ruined his health. Alive to the intimacy of the relation of which we have just spoken, Voltaire has said that “the fate of nations depended upon the digestion of

its prime ministers,” while Motley has gone so far as to say that “the gout of Charles V. has changed the destiny of the world.” Here, then, is a truth for medical men to teach. Educate people to believe that to be sick is a crime committed by themselves, their ancestors, or those by whom they are surrounded. To abuse the physical is likewise to abuse the mental and moral, for all must suffer together. He who does not “present his body a living sacrifice to God, holy and acceptable, which is his reasonable service,” commits as great a crime as if he had violated any one of the commandments in the category. The attempt to reform the world while it is ignorant of the laws of health, is a silly tilt against a windmill. Would you look for a mild, forbearing Christian in a man who has a faulty digestion or a torpid liver?

That cadaverous individual who shakes his head ominously when you speak of a game of cricket or any athletic exercise as though you were irretrievably gone on the broad road to ruin, is not the one to lead you in the ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. But that jolly specimen of muscular christianity, who, doing everything to the honour of God, enjoys his dinner as well as his devotions, leads you into the way of thinking before you are aware of it. So much for this aspect of the question—now for the relation of the intellectual to the physical.

That much hackneyed phrase “*Mens sana in corpore sano*,” expresses an ideal to which we should all strive to attain. But here again arises an old popular prejudice, an idea that mind and body are at enmity with each other. That a strong, muscular, well nourished body is incompatible with a well-stored and developed mind. But the intellectual and physical have a mutual relation to each other. The mind though immaterial, acts through a material organ—the brain—and you can no more expect strength of thought or vivacity of wit from a poorly nourished brain, than you could power of endurance and agility from a poorly nourished body. This material organ requires the same as any other—nourishment and exercise. The exercise of thought subjects the brain to the same wear and tear that physical exertion does the body. They both must be nourished by the blood, and if that be deficient in quantity or impaired in quality, the brain becomes as ill adapted for the exercise of vigorous, manly



thought, as the emaciated and flabby muscles are ill-fitted for the race or gymnasium. As any other organ in the body when not exercised grows *unequal* to the tasks imposed upon it, and forms a blot upon what might otherwise be a well developed physique, so the brain, when not exercised by thought, becomes ill-nourished, and although the whole of the body beside may be in a most efficient state of harmonious development, this one defect precludes the claim to a perfect physical manhood.

As a beautifully polished engine with its nicely balanced works without steam to drive it is a useless toy, so a man who has all grown to intellect is a miserable failure, for although he has latent within him a great power for good, he has not the strength to develop it into ready action, or to continue it when once started. It has been said that mind and body should be viewed as the two well-fitting halves of a perfect whole, designed in true accord mutually to sustain and support each other.

Although duty to ourselves and our fellows commands us in unmistakable language to develop the physical, mental and normal in one grand harmonious whole, we would be foolish not to cultivate the physical as a matter of mere utility—as a means to attain what we are too apt to regard as the *summum bonum* of human existence, wealth and honour.

We live in an age of activity, of the most intense activity. We run in a race neck and neck with our fellows for gold and fame. It is the same now as it always has been—there is no royal road to success. None of us are born geniuses to be carried, in ease and comfort, in golden chariots to the goal of our ambition. We work, and must work to live. We live under the highest pressure; our nerves are stretched to their utmost tension, and our bodily strength taxed all it can bear. Amid all this bustle and confusion, the cry of the age is for strength—strength of constitution—strength to endure—for the race is still to the swift and the battle to the strong. The active professional man of to-day requires, for the successful performance of his duties, a physique as well developed as did the soldier who had to sustain the fatigue and hardships of the long and successive campaigns of ancient Greece and Rome. Not only is the battle hot, but it is long; not only must the minister

in his study, the lawyer in his court, the doctor in the sick room sustain a study within, and a contention without, day by day—enough in itself to break down a weak constitution—but he must keep it up for a long lifetime. There are but few of us can go to bed unknown, and wake up to find ourselves famous. No, it requires years upon years of denial and of persevering industry to achieve a position above mediocre, or to attain a competency for old age. Now if strength be such a very desirable object, there arises the practical question, How can it be obtained?

The first great step in bringing up a people physically strong, is to teach them the importance and principles of hygienic living. Here medical science can further a grand work already begun, in teaching people that disease is due to the violation of the rules of health that, once sick, there lies no magic spell in drugs to restore them to their wonted vigour; but they must undo the mischief they have done, by slowly and carefully retracing their steps, correcting themselves all the mistakes they have made. We are happy to see that the tendency of the age is to place more dependence on hygiene and less on medicine. People are ceasing to regard sickness as a dispensation from God, and ceasing to think that every disease has a specific medicine which cures it. Teach people the power of hygienic living and physical culture to prevent disease, and the inability of doctors to cure disease only by attending to those laws which everyone should know for himself, and we have accomplished the highest aim of our noble profession. Suppose the world fully alive to the benefits to be derived from sanitary reform and hygienic living, in what way is the *physical culture* of the young neglected, and what innovations are to be made, that the rising generation may grow to manhood with a power of endurance which shall be equal to the exigencies of the active life which it shall be called to lead.

As the child, at least in the matter of physical culture, is father to the man, let us commence with him. In the very outset he is done a great injustice by being sent to school too early. Here, confined in a vitiated atmosphere, for long hours bent over poorly constructed forms, he grows disgusted with study and everything connected with school life. He is driven to commit the same mistakes which



we as students so often commit—spending too much time over our books, forgetting that we can do more work by taking more exercise, and following it by concentrated study. We would lay down the rule that the child should not be sent to school till at least eight years of age.

Now suppose our boy at school, under proper hygienic conditions and with a fair supply of mental work; there should open up to him two avenues to physical culture, both of which he should be encouraged to follow—recreative sport, and systematic gymnastic exercise. The first of these has its advantage in its freedom from care, in its complete diversion of the mind, and thus while it exercises the physical it rests the mental. Here, too, he is taught that he must play the man in other ways than in the mere exhibition of brute force; here he learns the ultimate laws of right and wrong. Here he comes to admire the honest and straightforward; to despise trickery and double-dealing. In short, the influence here brought to bear is probably more powerful in moulding the character than any other in the whole course of his life.

So well was the Duke of Wellington assured of this fact, and such faith did he have in the great national game of England to develop the man in every point, that he has been bold enough to say that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of his native country. And under the patronage of our worthy President, who knows how many battle fields may be won, by the illustrious members of the McGill U. C. C. In sports the end aimed at is skill, and physical culture is only an accident. Those parts of the body exercised, the legs and generally the right arm, are developed at the expense of the rest, and it is a fact well known, that you will seldom ever see a man whose legs are not all they should be, while a man not mal-formed in his chest or arms is a great rarity. While it is our duty to encourage sports in every way, let us not stop here. Sport may be sufficient to keep the body in health after it has attained to its full growth, but it fails of itself to produce that harmonious development which we have set up as our ideal. Now, when the body is young, pliable, impressible, capable of being moulded to almost any shape, is the time to supply the greatest engine of physical culture, systematic gymnastic exercises. This when

correctly applied modifies the growth and distributes the increased resources of the body so that each organ shall receive its legitimate share, gives additional strength to the weak and corrects the many mal-formations so common among the young. But before we can persuade people of the importance of this, we must correct an erroneous idea they have, that it only develops the muscular.

And in this intellectual age people may reasonably ask what is the use of mere brute force to the professional man. Although its effect on the muscular system is the most obvious, it must be borne in mind that it is the least useful. Its great value arises from the fact that it strengthens all the delicate organs within the body which have to do with those vital processes by which we live and have our being, and therefore it becomes more useful to him whose brain gains him his livelihood than to him who lives by the work of his hands. During school life, when the body is still pliable, we would expect the most favourable results from educational exercises, but it should not stop here, it should be continued through college, in fact, during one's whole life. And here we shall make a practical digression. How very few of the students of McGill Medical College avail themselves of the advantages of a gymnasium, and under existing circumstances we do not see how they well can. We need a gymnasium in connection with our college, supported by compulsory contributions, quite as much as we do a reading-room.

Suppose, now, that our hero has attained maturity, that to all appearance he is well developed, well nourished, sound in body and mind, there does not now exist the same necessity for the continuance of the exercises that have made him what he is, but they must not be discontinued altogether.

As every chain has its weakest link, which is the measure of its strength, so any man, either from inheritance, or from accident, has his weak point, where disease will attack him first. Let him, therefore, by continuing those exercises which more immediately affect this part, and by attention to the laws of his being, so fortify his weakness that it may become strong, or at least resist disease as long as possible.

Not only have we a complaint to make about the *inattention* paid to physical culture in the education of the youth, but about the



subject matter taught them. Children, as a matter of course, must be taught classics and the higher mathematics, and too often have not the slightest idea of the wondrous workings within their own body by which they live, and know nothing of the dependence of their health on plenty of fresh air and exercise, and hygienic living. Let children be taught the laws of health and the importance of conformity to them, and we have taken a most decisive step to prevent disease.

Any attempt to reform the world, independent of the *development of woman*, must be a most complete failure. The mother is the prime *motive power* in the world, and the first step in reform would be to make her what she *should be physically*. And until she appreciates the value of such an education, and enforces it upon her offspring, all will be futile. This is the *fountain-head*, and this must be purified, or the streams flowing from it will be impure.

But all important as is the physical culture of woman, it has been more neglected than that of man, and at the very outset we are met with difficulties which, we did not have to overcome in the other sex. A man is mortified if ever called anything but strong and healthy, while a woman is proud to be called delicate. She makes her boast that she conquers by her weakness. Tell one of those lovely creatures who go wiggling along the street in high heeled boots and a waist so constricted that you could span it with your hands, that she is getting stout and healthy, if she had muscle enough, she would in all probability knock you down; but tell her that she looks delicate and interesting, and you have in her opinion paid her the highest compliment. The other obstacle is woman's complete slavery to fashion. We hate to hear people always ranting about fashion and woman's foolish conformity to it, for if she were entirely regardless of its dictates she would attract an attention not pleasant to herself or her friends. But we think she should remember the natural alone can be beautiful, and that when by attending to the caprices of fashion she mutilates the natural and beautiful, it is her place as a sensible woman to disregard them. Fancy a master sculptor or a painter choosing as a model for a Venus a pale-faced lady who prides herself on the smallness of her waist. Driven to extremities he would prefer rather one whom he would have to embrace in sections.

American women priding themselves on their delicacy, following too closely the arbitrary rules of fashion, and, too often neglecting their own physical culture, have come to be the poorest specimens of woman living. Therefore before any advance can be made, she must be taught that the necessity of the age is the healthy, sensible, cultured woman, fully alive to the mighty interests dependent upon her own health.

In conclusion we shall say, there is no such wide a field for improvement in the whole range of medical science, as there is in practical hygienic and physical culture. And if reform is needed, it is surely the place of the physician to play his part. Can he dare to attribute sickness to the dispensation of God, and, sitting with his own arms folded, fattening on the work of death, make no attempt to find out the cause, and, finding it, to put in force the remedy. No, the nobility of his profession forbids this, and forbids his encouraging disease for his own personal benefit, while those mighty prophylactics, practical hygienic and physical culture, are left untried.

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#### A WINTER SPORT.

Now that we are enjoying a Canadian winter, and that there is every prospect of good skating on rink and river a few words about hockey will not be out of place. And first, What is hockey? We hear many answers: "Oh, it is shinny on ice;" "It is a poor imitation of lacrosse;" "A worse of football." Surely, though such a reply is true in part, hockey, as we have played it now for more than three years, is more than any such answer would convey. It resembles shinny, but only in being played with a block and a crooked stick; it is like lacrosse in that it is the endeavour of each side to force a ball or block through a narrow goal; it copies many of the rules of football, but does no more. Let us give our idea of hockey.

A sheet of ice, at least fifty yards long and twenty wide, with at each end a pair of slender goal posts six feet high, and the same distance apart. In the centre of the ice two lines of players—the forwards—each and all waiting



for the moment when it is their duty to start after the ball, and never let it rest till they have driven it through the opposite goal; good wind is their most needed quality. Behind the lines, a little nearer to them than to the goals, stand the half-backs of each side, two in number. Theirs it is to follow the forwards and see that the ball is kept within their reach; and, when an opportunity occurs, to dash in through the opposing line and make sudden and fierce assaults on the defences of the enemy. They must be, like the forwards, longwinded, but they need in addition quick eyes and strong wrists. If the players are outsiders, there are none but the half-backs to fend off attacks on the goal; but, in the McGill Hockey Club, it is customary to station one man between the half-backs and goal, who acts like a goal-keeper in football. His duty is to interfere with any enemy, who having passed the half-backs, comes up for a quiet shot at goal; to attack him and spoil his shot, if necessary, by upsetting him, (for charging is allowed in hockey, provided the charge be not made from behind). He must be ready to sacrifice his own equilibrium, and, what is dearer to every player, his own stick, to prevent the shot home on which the fate of the game usually depends, and "dash the beauteous terror," *i. e.* the hockey ball, any where out of danger. To him the patient and long-suffering goal-keeper looks for aid, when, like the Roman soldier at Pompeii, he watches the terrors gather round the post he may not leave, even to assail the impetuous, or more often insidious, foe. But the goal-keeper has his reward when the bolt that threatens his citadel is gently turned aside, or boldly met and hurled back at the impious invader, and the growls of the foe are lost in the friendly shouts that hail his address,—*"Well played in goal!"*

To describe a game of "hockey," or indeed any game that is so constantly in motion, is a vain task. To the spectators, the fate of the game often seems to hover over the spot in front of the goal, where the forwards of one side and the whole of the other are "*mêlés ensemble*." But the patient goalkeeper dreads the half-back, who, escaping the crowd, comes swiftly yet quietly right before his gates, and, unless upset by the "point," delivers the deadly "sling," or deadlier "scoop," that is so difficult to stop. And while they applaud the player who carries the ball unchallenged up

the ice, to lose it in the crowd at the adversaries' goal! the hard-worked forwards hail with thankfulness the backs, who regularly, as the ball reaches them, send it back to be dashed at the goal, which is usually so stubbornly defended. In talking to the players after our well earned victory last year, we noted that while the spectators spoke of A's splendid dashes and H's ubiquity, the players praised chiefly the steady play of the three T's—one in goal, one half back, and one forward—all three now gone. The success of last year was due to two causes. First, every man knew what he had to do, for our best of captains, tearing himself from the fascinations of law, attended the practices of the club regularly and directed the play; secondly, every man did it in a way that dismayed the under-disciplined enemy.

This season we have but four left who have played on the team, our captain, alas, being among the departed. Now there are many who say the club should be opened to graduates. That the immediate results would be a very strong team is undeniable; but we, for one, think that there are many reasons for keeping it a students' club. In the first place, we believe that in a few years, if not sooner, the best players in town will be graduates, and as such they will continue to constitute the team year by year, till it suits them to leave off playing. In the meantime, mere love of hockey will fail to entice the students to practice when they have little or no chance of a place on the team. And our team, the only one that practices, has hard enough work to get up a match now. What if the hockey players in town, with but few exceptions, belong to our club? We shall have no good matches here, and we cannot leave the city to play other clubs. The examples of the Argonaut and Montreal football clubs show us that when a club is supreme it begins to decay. Zeus defend our club from that fate! But suppose the graduates are excluded as now. Some will revive the Montreal Hockey Club, others will join the Britannias and help to organize a strong club among them, and our own club, attracting the students to a noble game by a chance of places on the team, will practice steadily as in past seasons, forming a new and vigorous body, with "old hands" to act as the successive "new heads."

DERJ A.



## PERSONALS.

'77. W. S. Stewart is studying law in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

'76. J. N. Greenshields, B. C. L., was married on the 18th ult. to Miss Glass, of Spring Hill, N. S.

'75. C. H. Chandler, B. A., Lecturer in mathematics at McGill, was married to Miss Butler, of Waterloo, Que., Dec. 18th.

'70. F. P. Foran, B.C.L., is acting as Crown Prosecutor in the District of Ottawa, during the present assizes held there.

'66. J. Emery Robidoux, B.C.L., is conducting—on behalf of the Quebec Government—an investigation into the working of the Montreal Court House.

'77. Horace Bergeron, B.C.L., has been elected M. P. for Beauharnois, and will, we believe, be the youngest member of the Dominion House of Commons.

'77. Robert Robertson, B.A., formerly Captain of the University Football Club, and Secretary of the Literary Society, is now practising law in Yarmouth, N. S.

'76. J. Graham, B.A., who has been head master of the High School in Williamstown, was dined by the residents of that town on leaving to study law in Brockville.

'78. H. H. Gardiner, M. D., has returned from London, England, where he has for some time past been pursuing his studies at St. Thomas Hospital, and intends entering upon the practice of his profession in Cleveland, Ohio.

We are sure that the many friends of Mr. Henwood, '79, will be glad to hear of his initiation into the pleasures of matrimony, having been married during the vacation at Brantford, Ont. We tender the happy couple our felicitations.

Owing to ill health, W. R. Dulmage, '81 (Med), has been obliged to give up his studies for the present. We sincerely hope that his vacation will thoroughly restore him to health, and that he will be able to resume his studies next summer.

Mr. Quinonies, '80, has been obliged to return home, and is not certain whether he will be able to return before the close of this session. We miss him much, and his many friends regret that his departure was so sudden as to prevent their giving him a parting spread. We hope to have him with us next year.

## CLIPPINGS.

How to get ahead—start a cabbage-patch.

A Freshman says that as soon as he gets out of college he is going to write a book entitled, "Four Years in the Saddle."

"We don't know everything," remarked the Professor, "and we don't find many that claim to, except now and then one or two in the Sophomore Class." That's so.

A man sprained his wrist, last Sunday, at church, while endeavouring to put a dollar on the contribution-plate. Moral—but the moral is so obvious, it needs no explanation.

The Chinese Encyclopædia meets a long felt want, no family should be without it. It is published in Peking, and has only 5,020 volumes. At \$7,500, it is dirt cheap. Send and get the best.

Senior—"Do you know why our college is such a learned place?" Freshman—"Of course; the Freshmen all bring a little learning here, and as the Seniors never take any away, it naturally accumulates."

Another great sensation at Oberlin: A Senior was seen by one of the preps. walking down street with a clean collar on. A meeting of the faculty has been called, and he will be summarily dealt with. They are bound to make an example of him, and nip this new and pernicious evil in the bud.

The following from one of our exchanges is downright mean, and we only give it space to show the "cussedness" of some college editors. No decent student ought to read it:

Will turn it upside down and read this fellow in the College who reads this paper  
Yet we'll bet a trade dollar that every

Teacher—John Gregory, rise and recite, on the spur of the moment, a pleasant paragraph on an execution. John—"The drop fell, and the horrified spectators shuddered as the poor girl bounded in the air; but investigation disclosed that she was a seminary girl, while the drop was a gum-drop that had gone down the wrong way."

A sophomore went to his class-officer to be excused for his absence at church. He stated that he was out walking, and when the church bell rang was so far from college that he could not reach church in time, so he went to the



village church. "And who preached?" asked the professor, curiously. "I don't know," he answered, "some stranger." "Indeed," said the professor, "I am surprised that you did not recognize me."

She danced with most enchanting grace,  
She wore the richest dress;  
She had the cutest little hand  
I ever dared to press.

I led her from the crowded room,  
I told of busy years  
At college, of my future life,  
Of all my hopes and fears.

I pleaded for some keepsake true,—  
The rosebud from her hair,—  
Memento of the parting hour  
That we were passing there.

"And must you go so soon?" she sighed.  
"Dear me! I wonder who'll  
Who'll talk so nice to-morrow night,  
When you're at boardin' school."

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# BOOK NOTICES.

A POCKET SONG BOOK FOR THE USE OF THE STUDENTS AND GRADUATES OF MCGILL COLLEGE. Compiled and published by a Student in Arts. Price, 35 cents. For sale at all the book stores.

It is very seldom that we have the pleasure of noticing the publication of any work connected with McGill College, and consequently we very cheerfully offer our congratulations to the compiler of this volume, on the admirable way in which, in the face of many difficulties, he has performed his task. The selection of the songs is judicious—the intermingling of original McGill songs with the college songs of the United States, and the secular airs of French Canadian minstrelsy, giving the work an increased value for McGill students. The compiler in his preface says: "The compiler 'thinks he may reasonably expect liberal 'patronage from those in whose interest this 'little collection has been published." We do not doubt the correctness of the compiler's anticipations, and we feel sure that every student in college will feel bound to provide himself with this collection of the songs of his *Alma Mater*. We may say that we trust this work is only a beginning, and that the

support extended to it will warrant the compiler, at no distant date, in enlarging and extending the collection. The book is neatly gotten up, and the music of many of the songs is given.

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## ITEMS.

"What though the balmy," etc.

The Science supper is to take place some time this month.

Collectors for Hamilton's annual present have been appointed.

The Hockey Club held their first practice on the river rink last Saturday.

Judy has put in an appearance in the Reading-room, and is getting universally snubbed.

Cook, the Meds' worthy janitor, "'Oped as 'ow they'd henjoy themselves during their vacancy!"

"Pay up your subscription! Editors cannot live on hope any more than less elevated humanity.

Those who have not yet obtained a copy of the Song Book, can do so by addressing the "Gazette" Box, 1,259.

The weekly tramps of the Snow Shoe Club were kept up during the vacation, and were well attended by those remaining in town.

The usual Science valedictory will not be delivered this session, there being no graduating year, owing to the change in the course.

The rumour that the McGill medical authorities had obtained the body of Costofrolaz is unfounded. We understand it was another Montreal medical college.

The Faculty of Medicine have granted the petition of the students for a clinical teacher at the Lying-in Hospital, and have appointed Dr. Brown, '72.

On the occasion of his marriage, Prof. Chandler was presented by the Science students with a very handsome present consisting of several pieces of plate highly and richly engraved.

Geometry class-room.—Prof. "You do not seem to have studied this very carefully." Freshie, (a little deaf,) excitedly, "Yes sir, that is just what I am trying to prove." Consternation.



Psychology class room. Soph. (closely examined by Prof.), "I have these things so locally associated in my mind, sir, that I can't *dislocate* them." Prof. begs him not to try, and class applaud.

Electric machines are the rage just now among the Science men, and there seems to be a lurking belief in the mind of each that his machine is the best one ever manufactured by a student, and is a marvel of untaught ingenuity and skill.

Medical Class-room—Prof., "Can any one name me some acids usually found in the human stomach?" Student, (rashly), "Yes, Sir." Prof., "Well?" Student, "Alcohol is one."—Prof. smiles knowingly, and class takes note of a new acid for future reference.

Of the forty-seven who presented themselves for the examination necessary to be passed before permission to study for the Bar of Lower Canada is given, only ten were successful, two of whom were students in the Faculty of Law.

At the meeting of the Senior year in Arts, held some time before the Christmas, the following class-day officers were appointed:—Poet, W. D. Lighthall; Historian, H. H. Wood; Prophet, R. J. B. Howard, and Valedictorian, Campbell Lane.

Prof. Moyse delivered the first of a series of lectures on "English Constitutional History" on Tuesday afternoon, in the English class-room. These lectures may be attended by any of the Arts or Science students, while tickets for the course are obtainable by outsiders from Mr. Baynes.

The annual meeting of the Hockey Club was held on Wednesday evening, January the 8th, and the following elected to bear office during the present session:—Captain, R. J. B. Howard; Secretary, C. Scriver; Treasurer, F. Weir. Committee, W. Redpath, W. F. Robertson, T. Morkill, and L. Campbell.

Prof. Moyse delivered his inaugural lecture in the Molson Hall yesterday afternoon, taking as his subject "The Dramatic Art of Shakespeare," giving special attention to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In addition to the students, the hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen, who, it is needless to say, duly appreciated the able delivery and interesting remarks of the lecturer who, since his appear-

ance amongst us, has become a great favourite with all his classes.

During the vacation the following gentlemen of the Medical Glee Club assisted at an entertainment of a musical and literary character, held in the lecture room of Erskine church, Dec. 23rd:—Messrs. Henderson, Brown, Denyer, Thompson, McLaren and Sharpe (law). They sang with good effect the well known glees, "Who will O'er the Downs with Me," and "Hence Away," and were loudly encored. The most mirth of the evening was occasioned by Mr. Henderson's admirable rendering of "Sam Weller's Valentine," which drew forth a hearty encore. In response he read another selection from Dickens. The only solo sung by the club was "The Raft," by Mr. Denyer, a composition especially adapted to that gentleman's powerful yet pleasing baritone voice. The entertainment closed by the students singing the audience out to the tune of "Good Night, Ladies."

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#### UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

Jan'y. 10th.—The meeting was very small. Mr. Atwater occupied the chair, and after a reading by Mr. Currie, and a vote of censure on absent debaters, the meeting adjourned.

*The Public Debate* comes off on the 22nd instant, in the Association Hall. The subject is "Legislative Union," and the speakers are: A. S. Cross and R. S. White, affirmative; and C. J. Doherty and E. A. Busteed, negative. R. C. Smith will read, and the President gives an address.

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#### EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—*Harvard Crimson*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Yale Record*, *Dartmouth*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Tuftsian*, *Packer Quarterly*, *Kenyon Advance*, *Central Collegian*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *La Salle Advance*, *Vidette*, *Brunonian*, *Cornell Review*, *Tripod*, *Acadia*, *Athenæum*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Kingston Collegiate Herald*, *Canadian Spectator*, *New York Monday World*, *Argenteuil Advertiser*, *Canadian Illustrated News*, *Evening Post*, etc., etc.



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